

During the warres of Yorke and Lancaster
That had befall vs. As we pac'd along
Vpon the giddy footing of the Hatches,
Me thought that Glouster stumbled, and in falling
Strooke me (that thought to stay him) ouer-board,
Into the tumbling billowes of the maine.

O Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne,
What dreadfull noise of water in mine eares,
What sights of vgly death within mine eyes.

Me thoughts, I saw a thousand fearfull wrackes:
A thousand men that Fishes gnaw'd vpon:
Wedges of Gold, great Anchors, heapes of Pearle,
Inestimable Stones, vnyawled Jewels,

All scattred in the bottome of the Sea,
Somelie in dead-mens Sculles, and in the holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorne of eyes) reflecting Gemmes,

That woo'd the slimy bottome of the deepe,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scattred by.

Keep. Had you such leysure in the time of death
To gaze vpon these secrets of the deepe?

Clas. Me thought I had, and often did I strue
To yeeld the Ghost: but still the enuious Flood
Stop'd in my soule, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring ayre:

But smother'd it within my panting bulke,
Who almost burst, to belch it in the Sea.

Keep. Awak'd you not in this fore Agony?

Clas. No, no, my Dreame was lengthen'd after life.
O then, began the Tempest to my Soule.

I past (me thought) the Melancholly Flood,
With that sowre Ferry-man which Poets write of,
Vnto the Kingdome of perpetuall Night.

The first that there did greet my Stranger-soule,
Was my great Father-in-Law, renowned Warwicke,
Who spake aloud: What scourge for Periurie,
Can this darke Monarchy afford false Clarence?

And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by,
A Shadow like an Angell, with bright hayre
Dabb'd in blood, and he shriek'd out aloud
Clarence is come, false, fleeing, periur'd Clarence,

That stab'd me in the field by Tewkesbury:
Seize on him Furies, take him vnto Torment.

With that (me thought) a Legion of foule Fiends
Inuiron'd me, and howled in mine eares
Such hideous cries, that with the very Noise,
I (trembling) wak'd, and for a season after,

Could not beleeue, but that I was in Hell,
Such terrible Impression made my Dreame.

Keep. No maruell Lord, though it affrighted you,
I am affraid (me thinkes) to heare you tell it.

Clas. Ah Keeper, Keeper, I haue done these things
(That now giue euidence against my Soule)
For Edwards sake, and see how he requits mee.

O God! if my deepe prayres cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aueng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone:

O spare my guiltlesse Wife, and my poore children,
Keeper, I prythee sit by me a-while,
My Soule is heavy, and I faine would sleepe.

Keep. I will my Lord, God giue your Grace good rest.

Enter Brakenbury the Lieutenant.

Bra. Sorrow breakes Seasons, and reposing houres,
Makes the Night Morning, and the Noon-tide night:

Princes haue but their Titles for their Glories,
An outward Honor, for an inward Toyle,
And for vnselt Imaginations

They often seele a world of restlesse Cares:
So that betwene their Titles, and low Name,
There's nothing differs, but the outward fame.

Enter two Murderers.

1. Mur. Ho, who's heere?

Bra. What would'st thou Fellow? And how cam'st
thou hither.

2. Mur. I would speak with Clarence, and I came
ther on my Legges.

Bra. What so breese?

1. 'Tis better (Sir) then to be tedious:
Let him see our Commission, and talke no more.

Bra. I am in this, commanded to deliuer
The Noble Duke of Clarence to your hands.

I will not reason what is meant heereby,
Because I will be guiltlesse from the meaning.

There lies the Duke asleepe, and there the Keyes.
He to the King, and signifie to him,

That thus I haue resign'd to you my charge.

1. You may sir, 'tis a point of wisdom: Exit.
Far you well.

2. What, shall we stab him as he sleepe.

1. No: hee'l say 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

2. Why he shall neuer wake, vntill the great Judge-
ment day.

1. Why then hee'l say, we stab'd him sleeping.

2. The vrging of that word Iudgement, hath bred
kinde of remorse in me.

1. What art thou affraid?

2. Not to kill him, hauing a Warrant,
But to be damn'd for killing him, from the which
No Warrant can defend me.

1. I thought thou had'st bin resolute.

2. So I am, to let him liue.

1. Hee backe to the Duke of Glouster, and tell him so.

2. Nay, I prythee stay a little:
I hope this passionate humor of mine, will change,

It was wont to hold me but while one tels twenty.

1. How do'st thou feeles thy selfe now?

2. Some certaine dregges of conscience are yet with-
in mee.

1. Remember our Reward, when the deed's done.

2. Come, hee dies: I had forgot the Reward.

1. Where's thy conscience now.

2. O, in the Duke of Glousters purse.

1. When hee opens his purse to giue vs our Reward,
thy Conscience flies out.

2. 'Tis no matter, let it goe: There's few or none will
entertaine it.

1. What if it come to thee againe?

2. Hee not meddle with it, it makes a man a Coward:
A man cannot steale, but it accuseth him: A man cannot
Sweare, but it Checkes him: A man cannot lye with his
Neighbours Wife, but it detects him. 'Tis a blushing
shamefac'd spirit, that mutinies in a mans boosome: It
fills a man full of Obstacles. It made me once restore a
Purse of Gold that (by chance) I found: It beggars any
man that keeps it: It is turn'd out of Townes and Cit-
ties for a dangerous thing, and euery man that means to
liue well, endeouours to trust to himselfe, and liue with-
out it.

1. 'Tis

'Tis euen now at my elbow, perswading me not to
kill the Duke.

2. Take the diuell in thy minde, and beleeue him not:
He would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

1. I am strong fram'd, he cannot preuaile with me.

2. Spoke like a tall man, that respects thy reputation.

Come, shall we fall to worke?

1. Take him on the Costard, with the hiltes of thy
Sword, and then throw him into the Malmesey-Butte in
the next roome.

2. O excellent deuice; and make a sop of him.

1. Soft, he wakes.

2. Strike.

1. No, wee'l reason with him.

Clas. Where art thou Keeper? Giue me a cup of wine.

2. You shall haue Wine enough my Lord anon.

Clas. In Gods name, what art thou?

1. A man, as you are.

Clas. But not as I am Royall.

1. Nor you as we are, Loyall.

Clas. Thy voice is Thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1. My voice is now the Kings, my looks mine owne.

Clas. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speake?

Your eyes do menace me: why looke you pale?

Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

2. To, to, to.

Clas. To murder me?

Both. I, I.

Clas. You fearfully haue the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot haue the hearts to do it.

Wherein my Friends haue I offended you?

1. Offended vs you haue not, but the King.

Clas. I shall be reconcil'd to him againe.

2. Neuer my Lord, therefore prepare to dye.

Clas. Are you drawne forth among a world of men
To slay the innocent? What is my offence?

Where is the Euidence that doth accuse me?

What lawfull Quest haue giuen their Verdict vp
Vnto the frowning Iudger? Or who pronounc'd
The bitter sentence of poore Clarence death,

Before I be conuict by course of Law?

To threaten me with death, is most vnlawfull.

I charge you, as you hope for any goodnesse,
That you depart, and lay no hands on me:

The deed you vndertake is damnable.

1. What we will do, we do vpon command.

2. And he that hath commanded, is our King.

Clas. Erroneous Vassals, the great King of Kings
Hath in the Table of his Law commanded
That thou shalt do no murder. Will you then
Spurne at his Edict, and fulfill a Mans?

Take heed: for he holds Vengeance in his hand,
To hurle vpon their heads that breake his Law,

2. And that same Vengeance doth he hurle on thee,
For false Forswearing, and for murder too:

Thou did'st receiue the Sacrament, to fight
In quarrell of the House of Lancaster.

1. And like a Traitor to the name of God,
Did'st breake that Vow, and with thy treacherous blade,
Vndurp't the Bowels of thy Sou'raignes Sonne.

2. Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

1. How canst thou vrge Gods dreadfull Law to vs,
When thou hast broke it in such deepe degree?

Clas. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deepe?

For Edwards, for my Brother, for his sake.

He sends you not to murder me for this:

For in that sinne, he is as deepe as I.

If God will be auenged for the deed,
O know you yet, he doth it publicly.

Take not the quarrell from his powrefull arme:
He needs no indirect, or lawlesse course,

To cut off those that haue offended him.

1. Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant springing braue Plantagenet,
That Princely Nouice was stricke dead by thee?

Clas. My Brothers loue, the Diuell, and my Rage.

1. Thy Brothers Loue, our Duty, and thy Faults,
Prouoke vs hither now, to slaughter thee.

Clas. If you do loue my Brother, hate not me:
I am his Brother, and I loue him well.

If you are hyrd for meed, go backe againe,
And I will send you to my Brother Glouster:

Who shall reward you better for my life,
Then Edward will for tydings of my death.

2. You are deceiu'd,
Your Brother Glouster hates you.

Clas. Oh no, he loues me, and he holds me deere:
Go you to him from me.

1. I so will.

Clas. Tell him, when that our Princely Father Yorke,
Blest his three Sonnes with his victorious Arme,
He little thought of this diuided Friendship:

Bid Glouster thinke on this, and he will weepe.

1. I Millstones, as hee lesioned vs to weepe.

Clas. O do not slander him, for he is kinde.

1. Right, as Snow in Haruest:
Come, you deceiue your selfe,

'Tis he that sends vs to destroy you heere.

Clas. It cannot be, for he bewept my Fortune,
And hugg'd me in his armes, and swore with sobs,
That he would labour my deliuey.

1. Why so he doth, when he deliueys you
From this earths thralldome, to the ioyes of heauen.

2. Make peace with God, for you must die my Lord.

Clas. Haue you that holy feeling in your soules,
To counsaile me to make my peace with God,

And are you yet to your owne soules so blinde,
That you will warre with God, by murd'ring me.

O sirs consider, they that set you on
To do this deepe, will hate you for the deeds.

2. What shall we do?

Clas. Relent, and saue your soules:
Which of you, if you were a Princes Sonne,

Being pent from Liberty, as I am now,
If two such murderers as your selues came to you,

Would not intreat for life, as you would begge
Were you in my distresse.

1. Relent? no: 'Tis cowardly and womanish.

Clas. Not to relent, is beastly, sauage, diuellish:

My Friend, I spy some pittie in thy looks:

O, if thine eye be not a Flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and intreat for mee,

A begging Prince, what begger pitties not.

2. Looke behinde you, my Lord.

1. Take that, and that, if all this will not do, *Stabs him.*

He drowne you in the Malmesey-Butt within. Exit.

2. A bloody deed, and desperately dispatch:

How faine (like Pilate) would I wash my hands
Of this most greuous murder. Enter 1. Murderer

1. How now? what mean'st thou that thou help'st
not? By Heauen the Duke shall know how slacke you
haue beene.

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